Nosferatu: I KILL TO LIVE!

SCREAM

T.M.

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NO. 10
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1974

·SPECIAL·
The Art of Killing Human Monsters!

Tales out of Hell:
THE EVIL OF RASPUTIN!

THE NARRATIVE OF
ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET
Edgar Allan Poe's only novel — a masterpiece in horror — is now adapted to the Horror-Mood illustrated-story format as a 25 page titanic tale of terror, by artist Lopez and writer Hewetson — it'll be appearing soon in these pages so miss it not — it's a collector's item for all lovers of the macabre and of the weirdest weird writer who ever lived.
A HORROR-MOOD BLOCKBUSTER

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

NO. 10 OCTOBER 1974
edited by ALAN HEWETSON
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My Flesh Crawls

Our esoteric COVER STORY — a montage of wild thoughts, weird deaths and horrific images in a tale to tease your imagination . . . page 4

Dracula

WITHIN THE DUNGEONS OF CASTLE DRACULA the young Count Dracula learns the lessons of torture from his father — lessons which will stand him in good stead when he comes to face CREATURES IN THE NIGHT . . . page 16

Murders in the Rue Morgue

The classic tale of horror by the most famous macabre author of all time — Mr. Edgar Poe concocts this mystery often thought of as the WORLD'S FIRST DETECTIVE STORY . . . page 28

The Art of Killing Human Monsters

A delightful photo-feature all about the most delightful creatures, behemoths and fiends you'd ever want to meet — or KILL . . . page 41

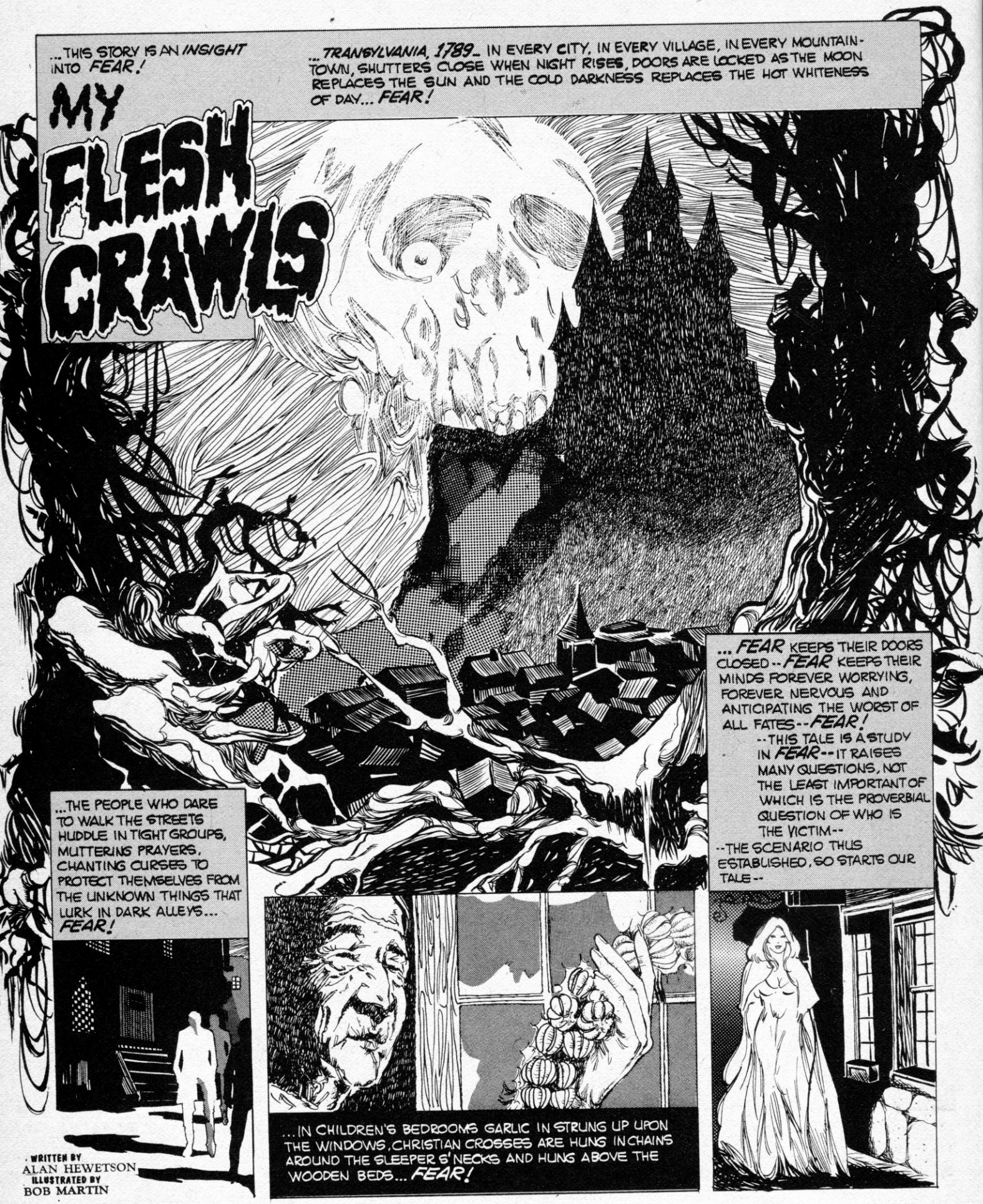
The Stranger is the Vampire

A tale that answers the most-often-asked-question in TRANSYLVANIA a couple of centuries ago — namely: Who is the vampire? — of course, you're right, it ISN'T the stranger . . . page 47

Tales out of Hell

RASPUTIN, the Mad Russian Monk, and WALTER THURBER, reincarnate of four previous personalities are the stars of this ill-fated lapse into the horrors of yesteryear . . . page 57

SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 7 TIMES A YEAR. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER, REFER TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. THE PUBLISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS


...THIS STORY IS AN INSIGHT INTO FEAR!
MY FLESH CRAWLS
...TRANSYLVANIA, 1789... IN EVERY CITY, IN EVERY VILLAGE, IN EVERY MOUNTAIN-TOWN, SHUTTERS CLOSE WHEN NIGHT RISES, DOORS ARE LOCKED AS THE MOON REPLACES THE SUN AND THE COLD DARKNESS REPLACES THE HOT WHITENESS OF DAY... FEAR!
...THE PEOPLE WHO DARE TO WALK THE STREETS HUDDLE IN TIGHT GROUPS, MUTTERING PRAYERS, CHANTING CURSES TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM THE UNKNOWN THINGS THAT LURK IN DARK ALLEYS... FEAR!
...FEAR KEEPS THEIR DOORS CLOSED--FEAR KEEPS THEIR MINDS FOREVER WORRYING, FOREVER NERVOUS AND ANTICIPATING THE WORST OF ALL FATES--FEAR!
--THIS TALE IS A STUDY IN FEAR--IT RAISES MANY QUESTIONS, NOT THE LEAST IMPORTANT OF WHICH IS THE PROVERBIAL QUESTION OF WHO IS THE VICTIM--
--THE SCENARIO THUS ESTABLISHED, SO STARTS OUR TALE--
...IN CHILDREN'S BEDROOMS GARLIC IN STRUNG UP UPON THE WINDOWS, CHRISTIAN CROSSES ARE HUNG IN CHAINS AROUND THE SLEEPER'S NECKS AND HUNG ABOVE THE WOODEN BEDS... FEAR!

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
BOB MARTIN

KOLOSK, A TINY MOUNTAIN TOWN NESTLED WITHIN THE LOOMING, BLACK CREVICES OF THE MIGHTY CARPATHIAN ALPS... NIGHT FALLS, SHUTTERS ARE DRAWN, DOORS ARE LOCKED, GARLIC AND CROSSES ARE HUNG -- KOLOSK PREPARES TO GO TO BED!
-- THE STREETS ARE ALMOST EMPTY -- ALMOST, FOR THERE ARE 2 BEINGS ABOUT THIS NIGHT -- ONE A POTENTIAL VICTIM, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BARMAID RUSHING HOME FROM THE TAVERN WHERE SHE WORKS...
--THE OTHER, A POTENTIAL FIEND, LURKING IN THE DARK ALLEYS, SKULKING LIKE A DEMON IN HELL, SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM -- SEARCHING FOR BLOOD!
--AND WHEN THEY MEET, THEY EACH BALK AN INSTANT, NOT KNOWING IF THE OTHER IS FRIEND, FOE, OR VICTIM --
-- A QUESTION QUICKLY DECIDED. WHEN THE HUMAN MONSTER TAKES THE INIATIVE AND LAUCHES HIS BARBARIC ATTACK -- AN ATTACK FROM WHICH THERE IS NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL -- FOR THE MIGHTY VAMPIRE IS ALWAYS THE MIGHTY VICTOR!

-- IN THE MORNING, THE VILLAGERS FIND THE WRETCHED REMAINS OF THE VICTIM--
--AND GROUP, TO PLAN SOME POSITIVE ACTION, TO PREVENT THE DEATH OF ANOTHER..
AS YOUR MAYOR, I INVEST LEGAL AUTHORITY UPON ALL OF YOU MEN -- FOR THIS NIGHT ALONE, YOU ARE ALL OFFICERS OF THE LAW!
THERE ARE WEREWOLVES AND VAMPIRES IN OUR MIDST--TONIGHT WE MUST HUNT THEM OUT AND PURGE THEM FROM KOLOSK!
--AND THE MONSTER WHO LIVES WITHIN THAT CASTLE MUST BE THE FIRST TO DIE!
YES--BUT THERE IS ANOTHER IN OUR MIDST--A WEREWOLF-- WHO IS THE WEREWOLF WHO THREATENS US?
THAT WE DO NOT YET KNOW -- BUT LET US CROSS ONE MONSTER AT A TIME--
--AND TONIGHT --WE KILL THE VAMPIRE!
TOO LONG THAT MADMAN HAS PREYED UPON US, AND UPON OUR CHILDREN --WE KNOW, WE HAVE PROOF NOW THAT THE MURDEROR IS COUNT VOLUSK--
AYE--THIS RING, FOUND NEAR THE DEAD GIRL, PROVES VOLUSK IS THE VAMPIRE-- THE ROYAL RING OF THE IGNOBLE VOLUSK FAMILY HAS TRAPPED THE LAST OF THE VOLUSKS-- AT LAST WE KNOW WHO HAS STALKED THE STREETS OF KILOSK COME THE NIGHT...

--NIGHT AGAIN FALLS UPON NEARBY KOLOSK--THE MACABRE CASTLE THAT LOOMS OVER THE VILLAGE GROWS DARK TOO, AS CANDLES ARE SNUFFED AND COUNT WILHEM VOLUSK PREPARES TO LEAVE ON HIS HUNT FOR BLOOD--
BUT AT HIS OWN MAIN GATE HE IS MET BY THE VILLAGE-COME-TO-HIM--THE PEOPLE OF KOLOSK ARMED WITH KNIVES AND PITCH-FORKS, THEIR FLAMING TORCHES LEAPING INTO THE CHILLED AIR--THEY ARE OUT FOR HIS BLOOD--
--THE TABLES ARE TURNED NOW, THE FIEND BECOMES THE VICTIM, (OR FOR NOW, THE POTENTIAL VICTIM) AND TURNS AND FLEES BACK INSIDE HIS HOME, PURSUED BY MEN WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS--
--HE IS CHASED BY THE MOB WITHIN THE DARK, DANK ALLEYS OF THE CASTLE--
--HE IS PURSUED WITHIN ITS INNERMOST RECESSES--
--AND FINALLY CORNERED AND TRAPPED LIKE A WILD ANIMAL!

WHAT DO YOU DO? I HAVE DONE NOTHING--
--IS THAT WHY YOU RAN WHEN YOU SAW US? AN INNOCENT MAN DOES NOT RUN!
DO NOT PROTEST, COUNT--WE KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE--WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!
NO!
AND NOW, WE REPAY YOU IN FULL FOR HAVING KILLED OUR--
NO!
--AGAIN HE IS PURSUED AS HE RUNS FOR HIS LIFE--AGAIN THERE IS FEAR WITHIN A HUMAN HEART--
--YET THIS NIGHT THE FEAR IS IN THE HEART OF THE ONE WHO INITIATED FEAR IN THE VERY BEGINNING!

--BUT THERE IS ONE OTHER BEAST LOOSE IN KOLOSK--A WEREWOLF. IF YOU RECALL--WHO NOW STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS AND CONFRONTS THE FEAR-STRICKEN COUNT--
YOU!!
YES--IT IS I--
--THE VILLAGERS ARE AFTER BLOOD, COUNT VOLUSK--
THEY MEAN TO HANG YOUR HEAD ON A SPIKE IN THE CENTER OF TOWN!
WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH YOU? AND ARE YOU--ARE YOU NOT AFRAID FOR YOUR OWN SKIN?
YES--I AM AFRAID--
THAT IS WHY YOU MUST BE THE ONE TO DIE--
HOPEFULLY DIVERTING THEIR ATTENTIONS FROM ME--
YOU ARE MAD--ONCE THEY TASTE BLOOD THEY WILL WANT MORE--THEY WILL GO AFTER YOU WITH A VEHEMENCE!
PERHAPS, AND PERHAPS NOT --I HOPE NOT, IT IS MY ONLY PRAYER -- BUT NOW YOU KNOW WHY I CONFRONT YOU!
WHY?--JUST TO TELL ME THIS? --THEY WON'T GET TO ME--I HAVE EVADED THEM!
THEY WANT YOUR BLOOD --AND I WILL GIVE IT TO THEM!

TUNK
THE VAMPIRE IS DEAD -- YOU KILLED HIM ANTON--
YES -- I CAUGHT HIM AS HE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE THE MAIN GATE -- -- HE WAS SO INTENT UPON LOOKING BEHIND HIM HE RAN STRAIGHT INTO THE BLADE I HAD TAKEN FROM HIS COAT OF ARMS!
SO -- THE VAMPIRE IS DEAD -- AT LONG LAST THE FIEND WHO HAS KILLED OUR DAUGHTERS AND OUR FRIEND'S DAUGHTERS, IS DEAD!

LET US REMOVE HIS HEAD--
--YES - WE'LL DISPLAY IT IN THE CENTER OF TOWN FOR ALL TO SEE --AS A WARNING TO EVERY MADMAN WHO WOULD DARE THREATEN OUR LIVES!
I WILL SPIKE IT AND DISPLAY IT-- I KILLED HIM, IT IS MY RIGHT-- I WANT TO SEE THE SKULL OF THE VAMPIRE ROT IN THE DAYLIGHT!
ANTON--HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANOTHER FIEND WHO STALKS THE STREETS? HOW COULD YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WEREWOLF?
BUT THERE IS ANOTHER MATTER WE MUST NOW DISCUSS--
--WHAT? THE VAMPIRE IS DEAD!
FORGOTTEN? I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HIM! I AM SURE WHEN HE SEES THIS HEAD HE WILL BE FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS WITS-- I'M SURE HE WILL FLEE VOLOSK, NEVER TO BOTHER US AGAIN! DON'T YOU THINK SO?

PERHAPS HE WILL RUN LIKE A MAD DOG, BUT THAT IS NOT THE ISSUE, ANTON--
SO -- IT IS ONLY REVENGE YOU SEEK! WELL, I THINK HE'LL BE LONG GONE BEFORE WE CAN CAPTURE HIM ANYWAY!
NEVERTHELESS --HE MUST BE HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED!
NO, WAIT -- A WEREWOLF IS NOT LIKE A VAMPIRE -- A WEREWOLF ONLY ASSUMES BESTIAL FORM A VERY FEW NIGHTS A MONTH!
THEN YOU THINK ITS PROBABLE HE LIVES A NORMAL LIFE? --THAT HE IS ONE OF US?
YES!
EVERY ABLE BODIED MAN IS GATHERED HERE NOW -- I BELIEVE ONE OF US MUST BE THE WEREWOLF!
ONE OF US? BUT WHO? -- HOW CAN THAT BE POSSIBLE -- THERE WAS A FULL MOON TONIGHT -- HE WOULD HAVE BEEN A BEAST!
THAT'S TRUE! AND WE WERE ALL TOGETHER -- ALL NIGHT -- IT CAN'T BE ONE OF US!
OH YES IT CAN -- THERE WAS ONE WHO HAS NOT PART OF THE GROUP ALL NIGHT -- --THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO STRAYED FROM THE SEARCH PARTY -- --ONLY ONE MAN --

YOU--ANTON MAHLIMA--
ME? NO--NO, YOU ARE MAD! I KILLED THE VAMPIRE--AND WITH A SWORD!--IF I WAS A WEREWOLF WHY SHOULD I KILL HIM WITH A SWORD?
WHY INDEED, ANTON? WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH THE SWORD IN THE FIRST PLACE? DID YOU EXPECT TO KILL THE VAMPIRE?, OR DID YOU INTEND TO STEAL THE SWORD?
YES--YES, I HAD STOLEN THE SWORD--
THIS IS A CHEAP SWORD--AN ORNAMENTAL SWORD FOR USE ON A COAT OF ARMS!
NO--NO--FOR GOD'S SAKE--PLEASE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--IT'S A CURSE--I-I DON'T KILL BY CHOICE--ONLY BECAUSE I MUST, TO SATISFY A LUST--AN INHUMAN LUST--YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--PLEASE--PLEASE...
YES--AND A SWORD THAT IS USELESS--FOR THE BLADE IS NOT EVEN SHARP! YOU COULDN'T HAVE RUN THROUGH THE VAMPIRE WITH SUCH A BLUNT SWORD, ANTON!
NOT UNLESS--
NOT UNLESS YOU HAD SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH--THE STRENGTH, SAY, OF THE WEREWOLF!
...THE TABLES ARE FOREVER TURNING--ONE MOMENT THE VICTIM IS ONE PERSON AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE DICE HAVE FLOPPED OVER AND THE PURSUER BECOMES THE PURSUED--THE GAMES OF LIFE AND DEATH ARE FOREVER REVERSING THEMSELVES, AND ALWAYS, ALWAYS--FEAR IS THE ETERNAL VICTIM!

THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG

THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND
Where lunatics live
THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF
The BLACK SCULPTURE of the PHARAOHS
THE CLASSIC CREEPS
THE MAD DOLL-MAN

Welcome to the 10th (gosh!!) issue of SCREAM! We hope to HELL you enjoy yourself herein, and we hope if you DO enjoy yourself you'll run around and tell everybody else, not for OUR sake, for your FRIEND'S SAKES, they're missing out on something GREAT! Share your love of illustrated horror with a friend — turn him onto SCREAM or PSYCHO or NIGHTMARE.

Correspondence from MIKE A. MORRIS of Oxford, England.

"Last month, for the first time, somebody had the bright idea of sending a batch of your mags to England. If the sales at our local shop are anything to go by, Skywald have quite a following here now. Why? Certainly there's no lack of morbid mags and scary sheets: D.C. and MARVEL, along with the occasional WARREN, are amply represented. Therefore, your mags must be something hot! As far as This Reader is concerned, long may you reign. I guess not carrying a C.C.A. symbol must limit your circulation somewhat, but that doesn't worry many people in these parts. One thing surprises me about your artists. Duran and Vila Nova, and most of their colleagues are so proficient that I was surprised that I hadn't heard of them before. They must be either incredibly loyal or the Waldman brothers must keep them chained down. I enjoy the movie features and stories like "Monster, Monster on the wall" (from which you might gather we get your mags about ten months out of date) best.

Anyway, keep up the good work,

Thanx, Peace and the rest."

. . . Thanks Mike — we're delighted to be making it into England these days. Yes, our artists are loyal, and yes, the Waldman's keep them chained to their art desks. The Waldmans' aren't brothers, but father and son — Herschel the son, Israel the father, or is it the other way round? —

A note from DAVID WRIGHT of Lewisburg, Tennessee: "Enjoyed your SCREAM July, 1974. I REALLY enjoyed it, especially when they included bare breasted women. Keep up the nudes."

now on sale

The very-special HORROR-MOOD special-edition you've all eagerly awaited has arrived — it's on sale right now. Don't just sit there — y'all run out and GET it, unless you've already got it, in which case you may as well stop reading this because it's only a plug. This SPECIAL EDITION (don't be confused by crass imitaters) is called NIGHTMARE #22 and should be available right now at the same magazine store you got THIS magazine. If it isn't, it's the fault of the store owner, who maybe isn't aware that YOU will buy this magazine regularly at his store. Tell him. Go ahead — TELL HIM you will buy these magazines regularly at his store. If he won't stock them, threaten to punch him in the face and never step foot in his dumpy store again. Also, call him names and insult his lineage. Kick up a fuss —why should you walk five miles just to buy this magazine on the other side of the city? Yell at the newsstand man on the corner and DEMAND he carry your favorite HORROR-MOOD title — All of 'em, in fact!

More helpful hints on how to insure your getting every issue of this magazine will appear on future letters pages.

. A word about the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT . . . Check it out now, HORROR-MOOD maniacs, on pages **26** and **27** of this issue. You'll note that every time we make up a new ad many of the old issues are sold out. We kid you not — if there are missing issues in your HORROR-MOOD collection you'd better remedy that fact by ordering TODAY — tomorrow will be too late!

the Mummy KHAFRE

THE MUMMY KHAFRE is a brand new horror-mood character, unveiled so to speak in NIGHTMARE #22, that's the TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION you've all been awaiting. The artist is CESAR LOPEZ; the writer is AL HEWETSON, a great team for a great new character. But don't take OUR word for it — check out THE FUNERAL in that macabre issue and judge for yourself — on sale NOW.

You will note, dear reader, that THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS, chapter 5, is not in this SCREAM #10 as perhaps you expected. It is not possible to maintain high quality in a 20 page story by one artist and produce it in less than a month. SUSO is an artist of supreme calibre — and we didn't even ask him to meet the one-a-month summer schedule of SCREAM — we knew YOU'D understand. THE VICTIMS will appear along with the next chapter of NOSFERATU (missing from this issue for much the same reason) in SCREAM #11, on sale 11/28/74 so miss it not!

. . . Thanks also to KEVIN HOGT of Indiana, LANCE STRANAHAN of Florida, EARL SHAW of Georgia, GLENN SANBORN of Georgia, JERRY CULLINS of North Carolina (favorite all time Horror-Mood story — THE HUMAN GARGOYLES . . . I can identify with them), BOB DAPP Jr. of Pennsylvania, PAUL SHETTLER of Ohio (AL HEWETSON is best, LEN WEIN was best — I buy your mags because you get more comics for your money and because you sometimes get GOOD stories), JIMMY BOESENBERG of New York State and TIM LYNCH of Connecticut — writers of just a few of the hundred-or-more BEHEMOTH BUNCH QUESTIONS pages we've received in the last single WEEK since the first issue with the coupon page hit the newstands across the country. We'll have a lot more for you in issues in the following months, and someday soon we'll get around to announcing the winners of the free mags — if you don't have your BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS page in to us — send it in NOW.

ALAN HUDSON writes: "I am of the opinion that your magazines: PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM, in various ways, far exceed the quality your competitors, in the aspect of realism alone. That's all I have to say!"

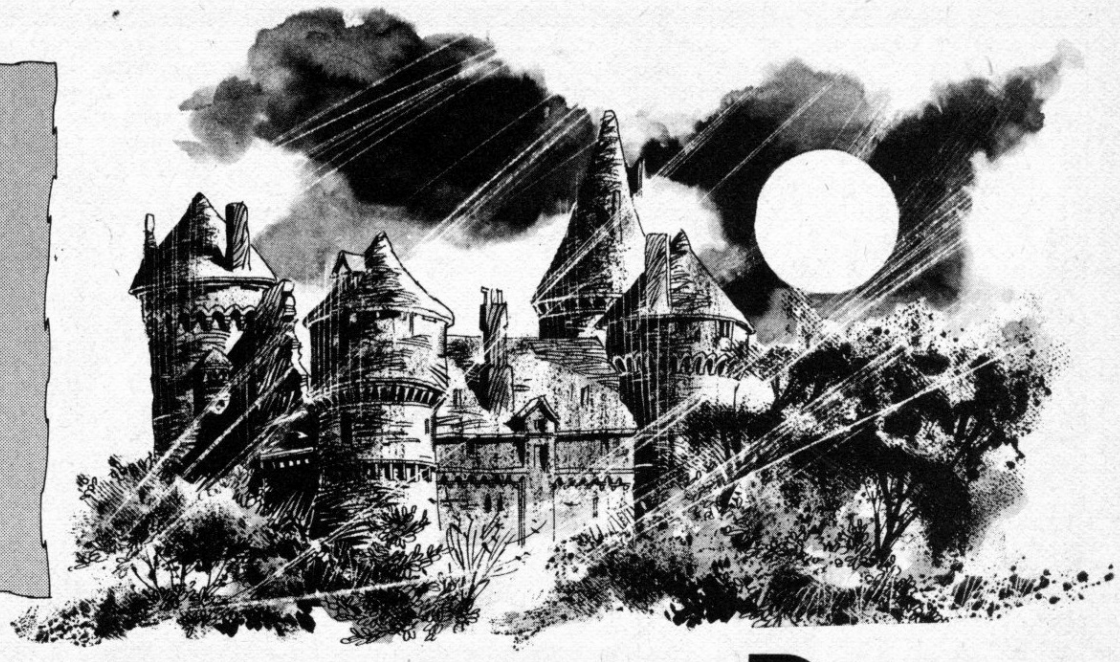
. . . That's certainly enough — thank you for your kind words

That's all for this ish folks — make sure you don't miss TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION (NIGHTMARE 22), now on sale. If you have something to say — write — if not, enjoy reading.

R.I.P

ARCHAIC AL

DRACULA LIVED A LONG LIFE--MANY LIFETIMES OF HORRORS--THIS TALE IS A *FRAGMENTED MOMENT* IN THE *LIFE* OF *THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS*--*THE MASTER VAMPIRE*--*LORD OF THE LIVING DEAD*... IT BEGINS WHEN *DRACULA-VLAD* WAS BUT A *CHILD* IN *TRANSYLVANIA* IN THE *18TH CENTURY*...



A FRAGMENT IN THE LIFE OF DRACULA

CREATURES IN THE NIGHT!

WHEN YOU COME OF AGE, SON--OR WHEN I DIE, YOU WILL RULE *WALLACHIA*--YOU ARE A *MONARCH*--*NOBLE BLOOD* RUNS THROUGH YOUR *VEINS*--AND SO YOUR *SCHOOLING* MUST BE MUCH MORE THAN SIMPLE LITERATURE, LANGUAGES AND HISTORIES...

...YOU MUST ALSO LEARN *POLITICS*--YOU MUST ALSO LEARN HOW TO *LEAD* YOUR PEOPLES, HOW TO *CONTROL* THEM, HOW TO *ADMINISTER JUSTICE*...

CARDONA 74

COME WITH ME DOWN TO THE *DUNGEONS*--THERE, I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE *FACTS* OF *LIFE* AND *DEATH*--I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO *JUDGE* YOUR *PEOPLE*--AND *HOW* TO *PUNISH THEM!*

THE *HORROR* OF THIS *CHAMBER* IS NOT SO *FIERCE* AS THE *FEAR* OF IT--

--I MEAN TO SAY, THAT THE PEOPLE OF WALLACHIA FEAR THIS DUNGEON--AND THE FEAR ALONE IS ENOUGH OF A DETERENT, USUALLY, TO PREVENT THE *ORDINARY MAN* FROM COMMITTING A *CRIMINAL OFFENSE!*

THEN WHY DO SO *MANY PRISONERS* FILL THE CELLS, FATHER? DO *THEY* NOT *FEAR* THE TORTURE?

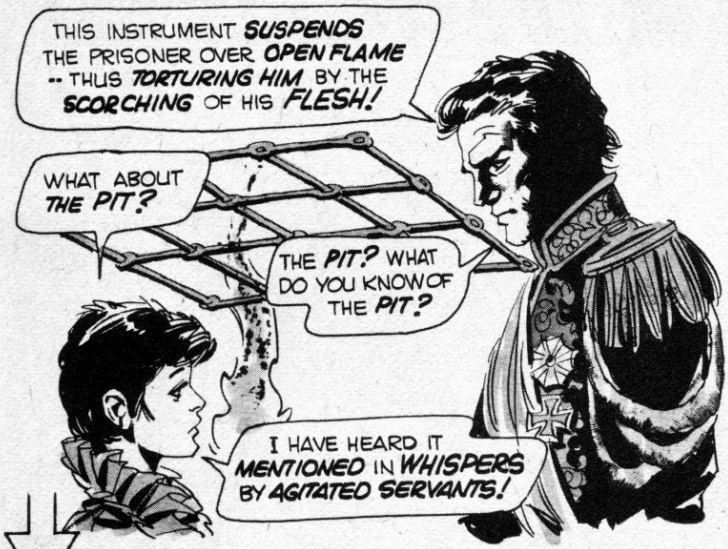
A *WISE QUESTION*, LAD! YES, THEY FEAR IT--BUT *THESE* ARE NOT *ORDINARY MEN*--THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE *PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS*, MOST OF THEM, WHO ARE SOMEHOW *DIFFERENT* FROM THE *ORDINARY MAN*--

--THESE MEN *GAMBLED* THEY WOULD NOT BE *CAUGHT*--THEY *GAMBLED* AND *LOST!*

WRITTEN BY
ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY
CARDONA

LET ME SHOW YOU THE VARIOUS DEVICES--
--THIS DEVICE IS KNOWN AS THE RACK-- IT CAUSES TERRIBLE PAIN -- IT IS USED IF A CONFESSION IS REQUIRED -- NO MAN EVER WAS PUT TO THE RACK WHO DID NOT CONFESS TO EVERYTHING HIS TORTURER WISHED, WHETHER THE VICTIM WAS GUILTY OR INNOCENT...

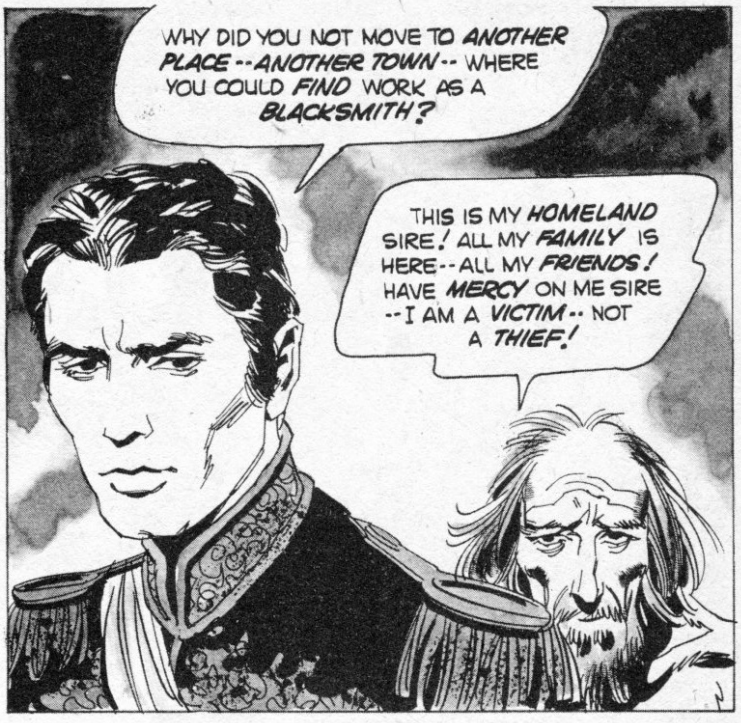
THIS IS THE COFFIN OF NAILS- VARIOUSLY CALLED THE IRON MISTRESS AND THE HELL-BOX-- --THE PRISONER IS PUT INTO THE BOX-- WHEN THE DOOR IS CLOSED THESE SHARP SPIKES ENTER HIS BODY-- THEY DO NOT CAUSE IMMEDIATE DEATH, RATHER THEY CAUSE THE VICTIM TO DIE SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY OVER MANY HOURS!

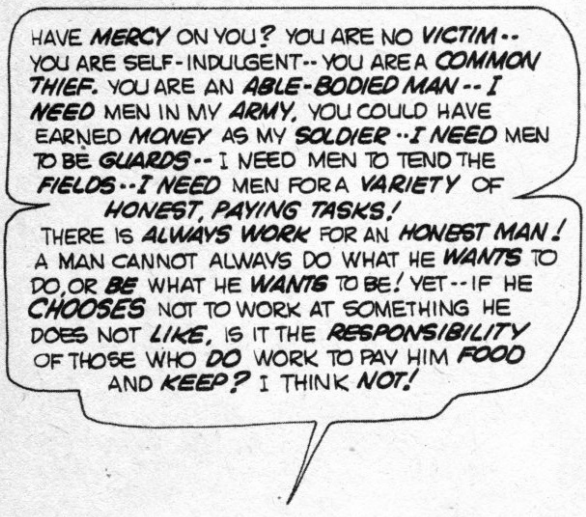

THIS INSTRUMENT SUSPENDS THE PRISONER OVER OPEN FLAME -- THUS TORTURING HIM BY THE SCORCHING OF HIS FLESH!
WHAT ABOUT THE PIT?
THE PIT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE PIT?
I HAVE HEARD IT MENTIONED IN WHISPERS BY AGITATED SERVANTS!

IN WHISPERS, EH? YES--WELL--THAT IS WHY THE PIT EXISTS--BECAUSE IT IS A THREAT TO ANY MAN WHO BREAKS MY LAWS--EVERY MAN FEARS THE PIT! -- I WILL DEMONSTRATE FOR YOU! GUARD-- BRING ME A THIEF-- I WILL JUDGE HIM HERE AND NOW, IN THE PRESENCE OF MY SON, AS A DEMONSTRATION!

HAVE MERCY ON ME SIRE!
I STOLE FOOD TO FEED MY FAMILY-- THEY WERE STARVING -- I STOLE SOME FOOD FROM YOUR STORES, SIRE!
PERHAPS! OUTLINE YOUR CRIME FOR ME AND I WILL DECIDE WHETHER TO BE MERCIFUL OR NOT!
TELL ME -- WHY (WERE YOUR FAMILY STARVING? DID YOU NOT WORK TO FEED THEM?

YES SIRE -- I WAS A BLACKSMITH BUT I COULD NOT FIND WORK HEREABOUTS --THERE ARE TOO MANY BLACKSMITHS IN THIS AREA!
WHY DID YOU NOT LEARN ANOTHER SKILL, AND FIND ANOTHER JOB?
I AM TRAINED AS A BLACKSMITH SIRE, IT IS ALL I KNOW!


WHY DID YOU NOT MOVE TO ANOTHER PLACE -- ANOTHER TOWN -- WHERE YOU COULD FIND WORK AS A BLACKSMITH?
THIS IS MY HOMELAND SIRE! ALL MY FAMILY IS HERE -- ALL MY FRIENDS! HAVE MERCY ON ME SIRE --I AM A VICTIM -- NOT A THIEF!


HAVE MERCY ON YOU? YOU ARE NO VICTIM -- YOU ARE SELF-INDULGENT -- YOU ARE A COMMON THIEF. YOU ARE AN ABLE-BODIED MAN -- I NEED MEN IN MY ARMY, YOU COULD HAVE EARNED MONEY AS MY SOLDIER -- I NEED MEN TO BE GUARDS -- I NEED MEN TO TEND THE FIELDS -- I NEED MEN FOR A VARIETY OF HONEST, PAYING TASKS! THERE IS ALWAYS WORK FOR AN HONEST MAN! A MAN CANNOT ALWAYS DO WHAT HE WANTS TO DO, OR BE WHAT HE WANTS TO BE! YET -- IF HE CHOOSES NOT TO WORK AT SOMETHING HE DOES NOT LIKE, IS IT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THOSE WHO DO WORK TO PAY HIM FOOD AND KEEP? I THINK NOT!

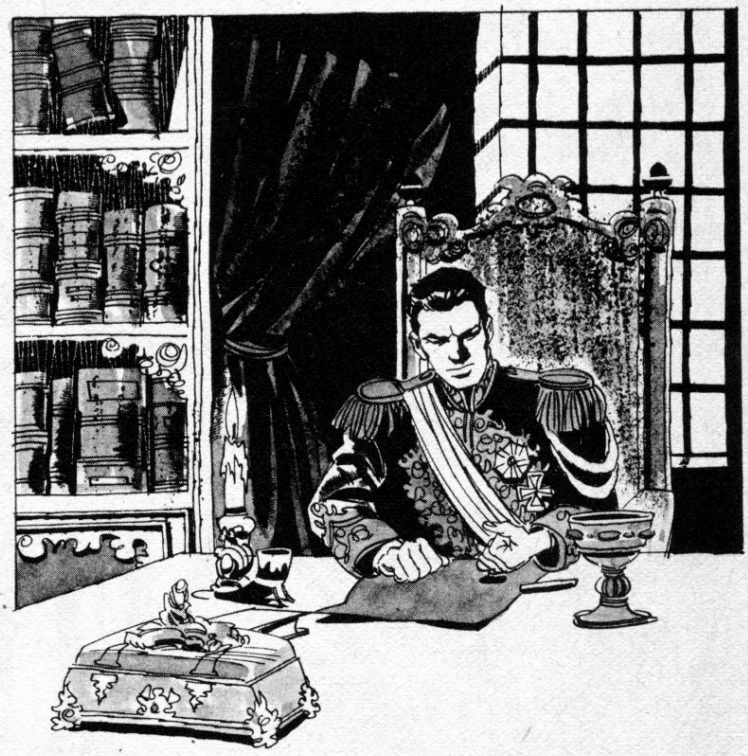
HAVE MERCY SIRE -- HAVE MERCY!
I HAVE MERCY ON AN HONEST MAN -- I HAVE NO MERCY FOR A SCOUNDREL WHO AVOIDS HIS BASIC RESPONSIBILITIES IN LIFE! GUARDS -- INTO THE PIT WITH THIS MAN!

WHAT IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT, FATHER?
SERPENTS AND LIZARDS -- ABOMINATIONS I HAVE HAD BROUGHT FROM MANY LANDS -- THEY SERVE ME VERY WELL --
NOW I WILL MAKE ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU -- GUARD -- BRING ME ANOTHER PRISONER -- THE POACHER -- BRING ME THE POACHER!
SIRE, I BESEECH THY MERCY!
YOU DO, EH? AFTER KILLING MY DEER IN MY FOREST, YOU BESEECH MY MERCY! I WILL THROW YOU INTO THE PIT -- AS I DID THE THIEF OF FOOD, WHO CHOSE NOT TO WORK -- BUT TO STEAL!
I PRAY YOU SIRE -- ON MY OATH -- I WILL SERVE YOU FOREVER -- I WILL NEVER COMMIT A CRIME AGAIN --
TELL ME WHY YOU COMMITTED THIS CRIME!
WHY? I AM NOT SURE WHY SIRE! THE DEER IN YOUR FORESTS RUN SO WILD, THEY WERE SO EASY TO KILL AND THEN TO SELL -- I SAW MY ACT AS A WAY TO PERSONAL FORTUNE. I GAMBLED ON BEING CAUGHT. BUT I KNOW THAT I CANNOT BE SUCCESSFUL AT THIS NOW. I BESEECH YOU FOR MERCY, SIRE. I WILL BE YOUR SERVANT.
VERY WELL -- YOU ARE FREE TO GO! I AM MERCIFUL WHEN IT IS DEMONSTRATED A MAN IS HONEST ENOUGH TO ADMIT HIS ACT WAS A CRIME, AND WILL NOT REPEAT IT. GO -- AND LET ME NEVER SET EYES UPON YOU AGAIN FOR SO LONG AS YOU LIVE, OR YOU WILL GO INTO THE PIT!
THANK YOU SIRE - YOU ARE INDEED A MERCIFUL RULER!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND-- THE FIRST MAN WAS GUILTY OF SO SIMPLE A CRIME--YET THE SECOND MAN SEEMED SO GUILTY OF AN IMPORTANT CRIME.
THE FIRST MAN WAS IMMORAL-- IF HIS PHILOSOPHY SPREAD TO OTHER PEOPLE IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS-- SOON, NO ONE WOULD WORK IF THEY BELIEVED THEY COULD LIVE BY TAKING FOOD THEY DID NOT NEED TO EARN--THE SECOND MAN WAS STUPID. HE WILL NOT REPEAT HIS CRIME, AND IF HE DOES, IT IS AN UNIMPORTANT CRIME ANYWAY-- --AND MOST IMPORTANT HE WILL TELL EVERYONE HE MEETS ABOUT THE PIT, AND ABOUT THE MERCY OF JUSTICE IN THIS LAND AND ABOUT HOW MERCIFUL I WAS TO HIM!
YOU SEE, SON?
YES FATHER, I SEE!
THIS DWARFED MAN -- WHY IS HE IMPRISONED?
HE IS NOT OF SANE MIND SIRE, HE BELIEVES HE IS A WEREWOLF!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW, I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM BEFORE! GUARD--WHO IS THIS PRISONER? WHAT IS HIS CRIME?
HAS ANYONE WITNESSED HIM AS A WEREWOLF?
I SEE--WELL, THIS VERY NIGHT IS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON -- OBSERVE HIM TONIGHT --IF HE CHANGES INTO A WEREWOLF--KILL HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE PIT--
--IF HE DOES NOT CHANGE INTO A WEREWOLF-- THEN SIMPLY THROW HIM INTO THE PIT ALIVE, AND LET HIM GIVE MY SERPENTS A FEAST!
NO SIRE--BUT THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAIN MURDERS IN THE VILLAGES, DURING THE CYCLE OF THE FULL MOON, THAT HAVE NOT BEEN NORMAL MURDERS--THE VICTIMS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FOUND MUTILATED--THEIR THROATS RIPPED OUT AS IF BY SOME ANIMAL!
WHAT IS A WEREWOLF, FATHER?
YES FATHER, YOU HAVE TOLD ME THE MANY VAMPIRE MYTHS OF THIS COUNTRY--I KNOW THEM ALL-- BUT HOW DOES ONE BECOME A WEREWOLF?
OH!--THAT IS JUST A FOOLISH SICKNESS! SOME MEN BELIEVE THEY CAN CHANGE INTO WOLVES DURING THE FULL MOON-- THEY BECOME MINDLESS BEASTS AND SLAUGHTER INNOCENT PEOPLE TO SATISFY A STRANGE BLOOD LUST-- IT IS SIMILAR TO VAMPIRISM YOU KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRISM, EH?
...ONLY BY DRINKING THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER WEREWOLF! IT IS ONLY A STUPID SUPERSTITION-- THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE MATTER!

--IN THE *MAIN ROOMS*, THE *COUNTESS VLAD* KISSES HER SON ON THE *CHEEK* AND BIDS HIM A *GOOD NIGHT*, THEN *RETIRES* TO HER *CHAMBERS*, AS *HE* RETIRES TO *HIS*--

--IN THE *GREAT LIBRARY*, THE *MONARCH* REVIEWS SOME *PAPERS* AND *DRINKS* SOME *WINE*-- SOON *HE TOO WILL RETIRE*--



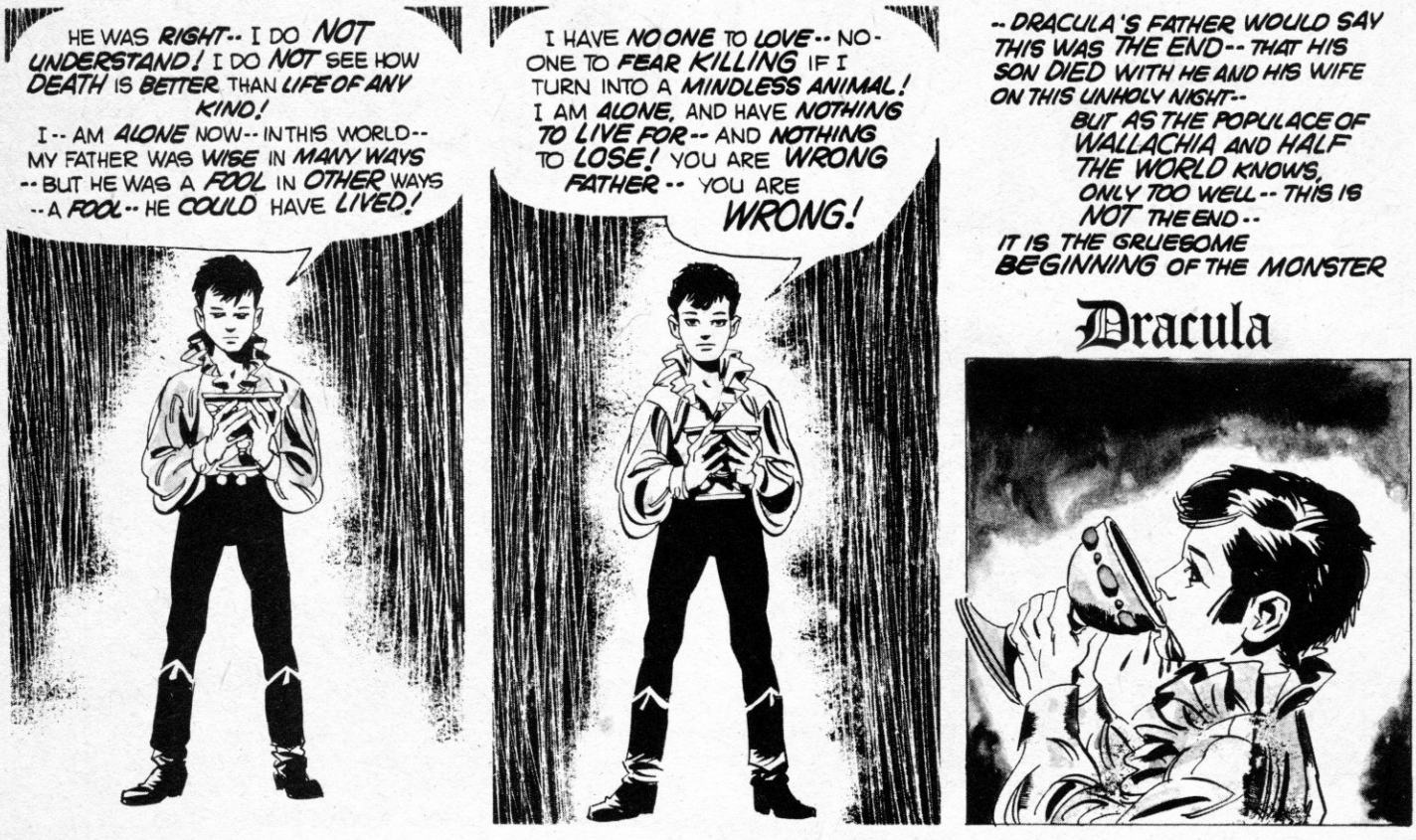
--AND A *WEREWOLF STALKS THE CASTLE VLAD!*

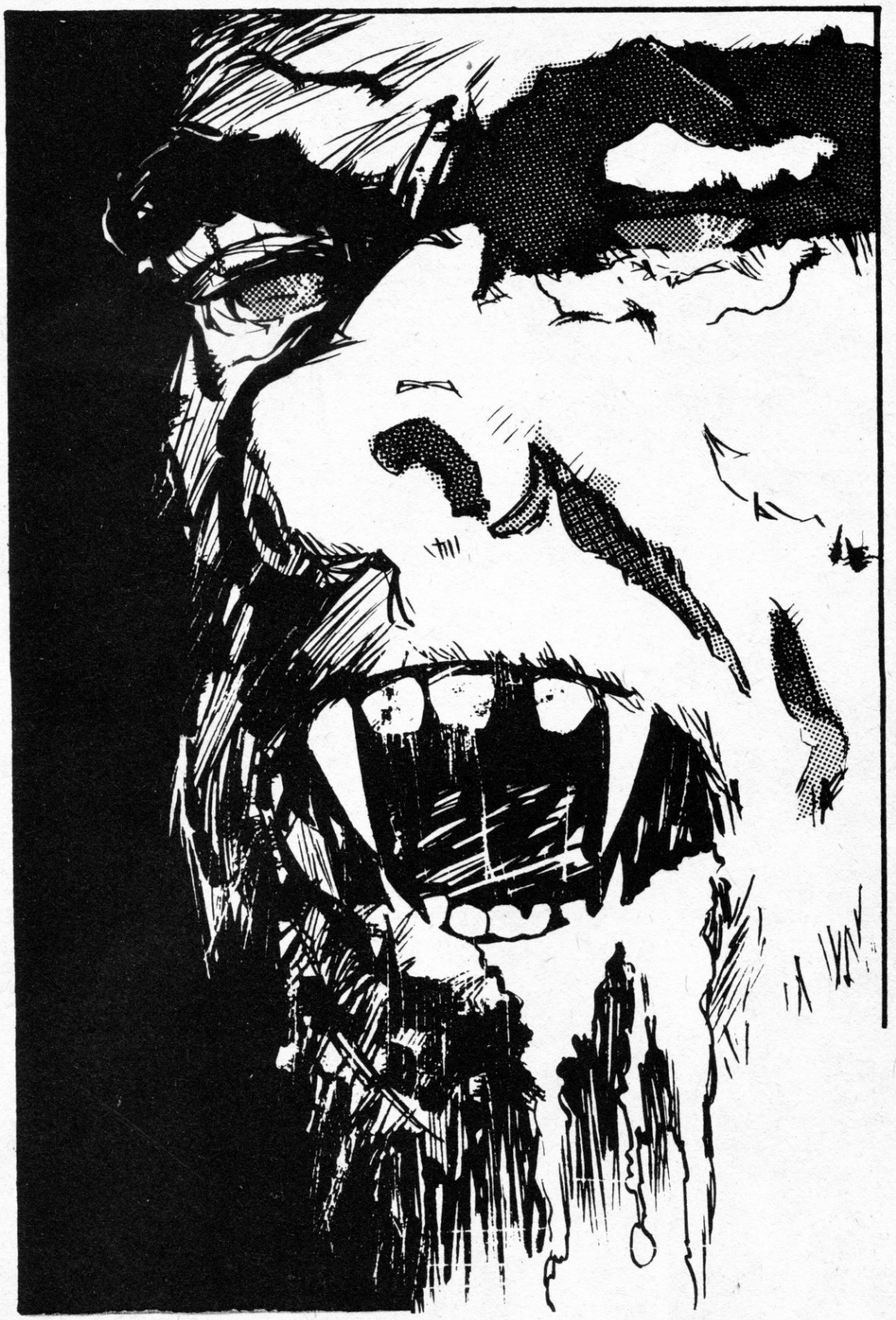
--*BELOW THE CASTLE*, IN THE STRANGE *SUBTERRANEAN DARKNESS* OF THE *PRISONS*, THOUGH *NO MOON SHINES IN*, THOUGH *NO FEATURES* ARE *ILLUMINATED* IN THE *CORRUPT BLACKNESS* OF THE CELL, A MAN--*HIDEOUSLY DEFORMED* AT *BIRTH*-- BECOMES *REBORN* AGAIN--HIS *MIND* LOSES IT'S *REASON*, HIS *BODY CHANGES HORRIBLY*, HIS *VOICE* BECOMES A *SNARL*--

--IT GROPES-- SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM-- SEARCHING FOR A FEAST--
--BUT NOT FOR A MALE VICTIM-- WHERE IS THE THRILL --THE SATISFACTION-- IN FEASTING UPON DRIED OLD FLESH?--
--ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AIR IS SCENTED WITH THE FRAGRANCIES OF A BEAUTIFUL AND YOUNG WOMAN!--
MY GOD!
FATHER-- WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAS IT DONE TO MOTHER?
IT IS THE ACCUSED WEREWOLF! -- AND HE HAS KILLED YOUR MOTHER -- MY BELOVED!

DIE MONSTER DIE!
FATHER!
DRINK IT FATHER-- DRINK THE MONSTER'S BLOOD --YOU WILL STAY ALIVE-- YOU WILL LIVE AGAIN!
NO-- NO-- I DON'T WANT IT-- TAKE IT AWAY SON-- LET ME DIE!

DIE? NO! WHY SHOULD YOU DIE WHEN YOU CAN LIVE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--I--DO NOT WANT--TO LIVE AS A MONSTER--THAT IS NO KIND OF A LIFE!
IT IS BETTER TO BE ALIVE THAN TO BE DEAD! I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE FATHER-- DRINK THIS -- DRINK THE BLOOD--DRINK IT!
NO--DO NOT FORCE IT--DOWN MY THROAT --I WILL NOT LIVE--LIKE THAT MONSTER --THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS-- YOU CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND SON--A WEREWOLF IS A THING WITHOUT A MIND--IT KILLS WHAT IT LOVES MOST --WERE I A WEREWOLF I }COUGH COUGH{ I WOULD }COUGH COUGH{ KILL }COUGH{ I WOULD KILL YOU--
GOODBYE MY SON }COUGH COUGH{ I MUST--DIE! I HAVE--NO LIFE --LEFT IN ME
NO--NO SON --YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!
YOU ARE WRONG! YOU ARE WRONG! WERE YOU TO DRINK THIS BLOOD YOU WOULD LIVE AGAIN!
FATHER!


HE WAS RIGHT--I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I DO NOT SEE HOW DEATH IS BETTER THAN LIFE OF ANY KIND!
I--AM ALONE NOW--IN THIS WORLD--MY FATHER WAS WISE IN MANY WAYS --BUT HE WAS A FOOL IN OTHER WAYS --A FOOL--HE COULD HAVE LIVED!
I HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE--NO-ONE TO FEAR KILLING IF I TURN INTO A MINDLESS ANIMAL! I AM ALONE, AND HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR--AND NOTHING TO LOSE! YOU ARE WRONG FATHER--YOU ARE WRONG!
--DRACULA'S FATHER WOULD SAY THIS WAS THE END--THAT HIS SON DIED WITH HE AND HIS WIFE ON THIS UNHOLY NIGHT--
BUT AS THE POPULACE OF WALLACHIA AND HALF THE WORLD KNOWS, ONLY TOO WELL--THIS IS NOT THE END--
IT IS THE GRUESOME BEGINNING OF THE MONSTER
Dracula



THIS IS THE FACE OF LIVING-DEATH!

Horror has a thousand faces, all of them evil, all of them fierce and barbaric and fiendish. This is the face of living death — noble yet corrupt — powerful yet diseased — the face of a mindless monster who cares not who or what it kills or tortures. This face is faceless and unreal, nameless and yet dignified. It is the face of living death, who rather typifies the kind of fiend you read about in every chapter of the saga of the Victims — There is an astonishing reason for the agony that befalls the Victims in every adventure, as one day you will learn in the concluding chapter, when you come face to face with the face of living death!

...LIVING IN *PARIS* DURING THE SPRING AND PART OF THE SUMMER OF 1868, I THERE BECAME *FRIENDS* WITH A *MONSIEUR C. AUGUSTE DUPIN*... A YOUNG MAN OF EXTRAORDINARY *INTELLECT*... AN ANALYTICAL *GENIUS*... THE ONLY *MIND* IN ALL *FRANCE* WHO COULD *SOLVE* THE *MYSTERY* OF:

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

...THO HIS *MIND* WAS THE *RICHEST* I HAVE EVER KNOWN, HIS *POCKET* WAS *POOR*, AND SO HE CAME TO *LIVE* WITH ME IN MY OWN *GLOOMY HOUSE*--A *TIME EATEN* AND *GROTESQUE MANSION*...

...IT WAS A *FREAK OF FANCY* IN MY FRIEND TO *LOVE* THE *NIGHT*... AND OFTEN WE WOULD STROLL ABOUT DURING THE VERY *EARLY MORNING* HOURS...I WOULD *LISTEN* TO HIM AS HE *THOUGHT OUT LOUD* OF VARIOUS MATTERS, AND I CAME TO BELIEVE MY FRIEND'S *BRAIN* WAS OF *DISEASED INTELLIGENCE*...

...ON ONE SUCH NIGHT WE PASSED BY *THE RUE MORGUE*, AND OVERHEARD LOUD *SCREAMING* FOR A FEW MOMENTS...THE *POLICE* WERE RUNNING ABOUT AND THERE WAS MUCH *ACTIVITY*... IT SEEMED THERE HAD BEEN *SEVERAL TERRIBLE MURDERS* AND THE POLICE WERE *LOST* TO *EXPLAIN* THEM...

ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ

...WHAT *EXACTLY* HAD HAPPENED WAS *UNKNOWN*... *THE TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE* WAS THE MOST *BIZARRE EVENT* IN A *HUNDRED YEARS*...

...THE NEWSPAPER THE FOLLOWING DAY SPECULATED WILDY...
"EXTRA-ORDINARY MURDERS - THIS MORNING AT 3 O'CLOCK, A SERIES OF TERRIFIC SHRIEKS CAME FROM THE RUE MORGUE APARTMENTS OF MADAME L'ESPANAYE AND HER DAUGHTER MADEMOISELLE CAMILLE L'ESPANAYE...
...AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES NEIGHBORS FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT WITH A CROWBAR...
...THE SCENE THEY WITNESSED WAS HIDEOUSLY UGLY... THE APARTMENT WAS IN RUIN... BLOOD WAS ALL ABOUT AND ON A CHAIR LAY A RAZOR, SMEARED WITH BLOOD...
...ON THE FLOOR WERE FOUND VALUABLE POSSESSIONS -- TOPAZ EAR-RINGS, THREE SILVER SPOONS, AND TWO BAGS CONTAINING NEARLY 4,000 FRANCS OF GOLD..."

"...A SEARCH WAS MADE AND (HORRIBLE TO RELATE) THE CORPSE OF THE DAUGHTER, HEAD DOWNWARD, WAS FOUND STUFFED UP THE FIREPLACE CHIMNEY... IT WAS STILL WARM... AND NEWLY DEAD...
...IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING, IN A SMALL YARD, LAY THE CORPSE OF THE OLD LADY, WITH HER THROAT CUT SO ENTIRELY THAT--
--UPON AN ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER, THE HEAD FELL OFF..
...THE BODY, AS WELL AS THE HEAD, WAS FEARFULLY MUTILATED - THE HEAD SO MUCH SO AS HARDLY TO LOOK HUMAN...
"O THIS HORRIBLE MYSTERY THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLUE..."

...THE POLICE CONDUCTED INTERVIEWS WITH THE TENANTS OF THE BUILDING...

ISIDORE MUGET,
GENDARME (POLICEMAN)

HENRY DUVAL,
SILVERSMITH

WILLIAM BIRD,
TAILOR.

ALFONSO GARCIA,
UNDERTAKER

ALBERTO MONTANI,
CONFECTIONER

PAUL DUMAN,
INVESTIGATING
PHYSICIAN

THIS NEWSPAPER TESTIMONY REVEALS SOME INTERESTING FACTS, MY FRIEND...
AH, YES! BUT THAT IS THE POINT... AND THE SINGLE IMPORTANT CLUE WE HAVE TO THE MURDERS...
I DON'T SEE WHAT IT REVEALS, AUGUSTE... NOBODY SAYS THE SAME THING!

YOU KNOW, MY FRIEND, I THINK I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE POLICE INVESTIGATOR ... GRIGOIRE... HE IS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE...
YOU WANT TO BECOME INVOLVED IN THE INVESTIGATION?
... IT WILL AFFORD US SOME AMUSEMENT...
POLICE
POLICE
"... THE MEETING WAS STRANGE... A POOR MAN IN RAGS BEING WELCOMED WITH OPEN ARMS BY THE PREFECT OF POLICE..."
AUGUSTE... ARE YOU INTERESTED IN HELPING US?
OF COURSE... GO AHEAD... LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND ANYTHING WE OVERLOOKED...
YES... MAY WE LOOK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?
"... IT WAS A STRANGE REMARK FOR THE POLICEMAN TO MAKE -- ADMITTING HE MIGHT HAVE OVERLOOKED A CLUE -- I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS A JOKE BUT AS I OBSERVED HOW CLOSELY DUPIN ANALYZED THE SCENE I REALIZED GRIGOIRE'S COMMENT WAS ONE OF RESPECT..."
"... I OBSERVED HIM ALMOST TURN THE PLACE UPSIDE DOWN..."
YOU KNOW THE MOST BAFFLING THING ABOUT THIS CASE?... ...HOW DID HE, OR 'IT' ...GET OUT?...
HOW DID HE GET OUT?
YES... YOU SEE... THE WINDOWS OVERLOOK THE STREET... WE ARE FOUR FLOORS UP... THERE IS NO WAY HE COULD CLIMB DOWN...
... AND HE COULDN'T LEAVE BY THE FRONT DOOR BECAUSE THE NEIGHBORS WERE COMING UP...

...THAT FLAGPOLE... A WAY TO SWING IN AND OUT OF THE APARTMENT...
TO SWING IN? WAS OUR MURDEROR AN ACROBAT?
NO... HE WAS NOT AN ACROBAT!
YOU HAVE AN IDEA THEN?
...SO SOON? ...THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
YES... I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER WAS!
...NOT SO IMPOSSIBLE AS THE CRIME ITSELF... ...COME... LET'S LOOK AT THESE FACTS...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I WAS DIRECTING THE BOY TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO THE GAZETTE ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT... ...I AM NOW AWAITING TO BE CONTACTED BY THE MURDERER... OR AT LEAST, IF NOT THE MURDERER, HIS "FRIEND"...
I AM AT A COMPLETE LOSS FOR WORDS!
COME... LET'S WALK... AND WE'LL DISCUSS THE CASE!

LET US GO TO OUR HOUSE... HE WILL COME THERE...
HE WILL COME TO US?
OH YES... IT'S NOT SO MYSTERIOUS...
LET ME POSE YOU SEVERAL QUESTIONS... AND THEN YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK... FIRST... THE MURDERER ENTERED AND LEFT THE APARTMENT THROUGH THE WINDOW... WHICH IS FOUR STORIES FROM THE GROUND... HE EITHER JUMPED IN OR SWUNG IN THROUGH THE WINDOW...
...MMMH...
NOW THE LAST POINT-- THE STRENGTH WITH WHICH HE WRECKED THE APARTMENT... THE POWER OF LIMB NEEDED TO STUFF THE WOMAN UP THE CHIMNEY AND CARRY THE OLD WOMAN OUT THE 'IMPOSSIBLE WINDOW' TO THE STREET!... ...AND IN ALL OF THIS... WE ARE COMPLETELY WITHOUT ANY MOTIVE OR REASON FOR THE MURDER... ...WELL NOW-- WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
THE APARTMENT WAS IN SUCH DISORDER AS TO LET US THINK THE MURDERER WAS SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING... BUT... GOLD AND VALUABLES WERE LEFT LYING UNTOUCHED... SO... ...WE BELIEVE NOW THAT EITHER HE WAS INSANE TO WRECK THE APARTMENT OR... OR WAS NOT OF 'NORMAL' MIND... ...NEXT... WE OBSERVE THAT NO-ONE COULD IDENTIFY WHAT LANGUAGE HE SPOKE -- TO BE LOGICAL, WE MUST PRESUME THAT WHAT HE SPOKE WAS NOT ANYTHING AT ALL... HE DID NOT SPEAK 'A LANGUAGE'...
WELL-- NOTHING MAKES ANY SENSE! ALL FACTS INDICATE THE MURDERER WAS A SUPER-STRONG MADMAN... ...THE FACTS INDICATE HE WAS HARDLY OF A MIND AT ALL... ...NOT EVEN HUMAN...
EXACTLY! ...THE MURDERER WAS NOT A HUMAN BEING!

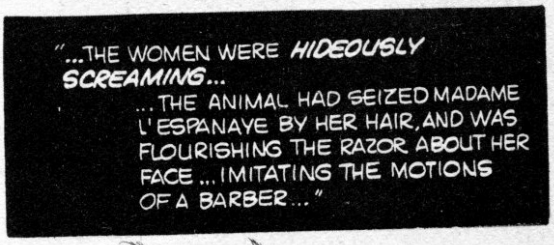
WHAT? NOT HUMAN?
QUIET NOW--TAKE THIS PISTOL--PUT IT UNDER YOUR COAT... ...SIT DOWN QUIETLY... I EXPECT A VISITOR AT ANY MOMENT...
"...ALMOST INSTANTLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT MY DOOR... IT WAS A SAILOR..."
COME IN... I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE CALLED ABOUT THE ORANG-OUTANG! A FINE BEAST... HOW OLD IS HE?
...OH...HE CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE YEARS OLD. DO YOU HAVE HIM HERE? I READ YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE PAPER SAYING YOU HAD HIM CAPTURED...
NO...HE IS NOT HERE... HE IS AT A NEARBY LIVERY STABLE!
I SHALL BE PLEASED TO PAY YOUR EXPENSES... AND A REWARD...
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE... OR WE WILL FIRE OUR PISTOLS AT YOU...
IT WASN'T ME... IT WASN'T MY FAULT... I SWEAR IT TO GOD ...I SWEAR IT...
I KNOW IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT... COME AND SIT DOWN...
MY REWARD SHALL BE THIS! YOU SHALL GIVE ME ALL THE INFORMATION IN YOUR POWER ABOUT THESE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE...
WHAT?

SO HELP ME GOD... I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THIS AFFAIR... BUT I DO NOT EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ONE-HALF I SAY- I WOULD BE A FOOL IF I DID... STILL... I AM INNOCENT...
...YES...
I KNOW YOU ARE INNOCENT... THE ATROCITIES OF THE RUE MORGUE ARE NOT YOUR DOING... WE WILL BELIEVE YOUR STORY... TELL IT COMPLETELY...
"...RECENTLY, ON A VOYAGE TO BORNEO, I CAPTURED THE ORANG-OUTANG... I WANTED TO BRING IT BACK HERE TO PARIS TO SELL IT..."
"...I KEPT IT IN MY APARTMENT, WHILE I WAS LOOKING FOR A BUYER..."
"...I CAME HOME ONE NIGHT TO FIND THE BEAST IN MY BEDROOM... IT WAS STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR SHAVING WITH A STRAIGHT RAZOR... THIS IS NOT SO INCREDIBLE YOU KNOW... HE HAD SEEN ME DO IT AND WAS TRYING TO COPY ME... I TOOK A WHIP TO STOP HIM..."

"...THAT WAS OBVIOUSLY A MISTAKE FOR AT THE WHIP HE FLED THE HOUSE INTO THE NIGHT... I CHASED AFTER HIM FOR SEVERAL STREETS..."

"...HE ENTERED THE RUE MORGUE... AND SEEING A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF MADAME L'ESPANAYE AND HER DAUGHTER, BOUND UP THE WALL, SWINGING INTO THE WINDOW FROM THE FLAGPOLE... I THEN HEARD VIOLENT, AWFUL SCREAMS FROM WITHIN..."

"...I MANAGED TO CLIMB UP THE FLAGPOLE, AND THO I COULD NOT GET IN THE WINDOW I COULD JUST SEE INSIDE... I ALMOST LOST MY HOLD THROUGH AN EXCESS OF HORROR AT WHAT I SAW..."


"...THE WOMEN WERE HIDEOUSLY SCREAMING...
... THE ANIMAL HAD SEIZED MADAME L'ESPANAYE BY HER HAIR, AND WAS FLOURISHING THE RAZOR ABOUT HER FACE ... IMITATING THE MOTIONS OF A BARBER..."

"...THE SIGHT OF **BLOOD** *INFLAMED* ITS **ANGER** INTO **FRENZY**...
...**GNASHING** ITS **TEETH**, AND **FLASHING** **FIRE** FROM ITS **EYES**, IT **FLEW** *UPON* THE **BODY** OF THE **GIRL** AND...
...AND **IMBEDDED** ITS **FEARFUL** **TALONS** INTO HER **THROAT**...
...**NOT** *LETTING GO TILL SHE* **DIED**..."

"...IT THEN **DRAGGED** THE **BODY** OF THE **DAUGHTER** ABOUT THE **ROOM**... **DEMOLISHING** **FURNITURE**..."

"...IN **CONCLUSION**... IT **SEIZED** THE **CORPSE** OF THE **GIRL** AND **THRUST** IT UP THE **CHIMNEY**..."

"...THEN **CARRIED** THE OLD **WOMAN** ON ITS **BACK** OUT THE **WINDOW** AS IT **LEAPED** TO THE **GROUND** THE **FULL** **FOUR** **STORIES**... WHEN IT **SAW** **ME**--IT **DROPPED** THE **BODY**... AND **FLED** INTO THE **NIGHT**..."

SO THE 'LANGUAGE' HEARD BY THE NEIGHBORS WAS A MINGLING OF THE APE'S GRUNTINGS AND THIS GENTLEMAN'S SHRIEKS OF HORROR...
DO YOU NOT HAVE THE APE THEN?
NO... I'M SURE IF WE ADVERTIZE WE WILL LOCATE IT SOON ENOUGH... IT CANNOT RUN AROUND PARIS LOOSE WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION...
"... MY FRIEND AUGUSTE DUPIN IS TRULY A REMARKABLE MAN, AS I'VE SAID... HE SOLVED THIS MOST STARTLING MURDER BY PURE LOGIC...
...THE POLICE WERE VERY GRATEFUL AT SO EASILY SOLVING THE MYSTERY..."
"...THE ORANG-OUTANG WAS CAUGHT BY THE SAILOR HIMSELF WHO THEN SOLD IT TO THE ZOO FOR A VERY LARGE SUM OF MONEY..."
AND I? WELL I HAVE HAD THE EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE... MY FRIEND AUGUSTE DUPIN IS MOST REMARKABLE...
...A GENIUS... A TRUE GENIUS...
...HE CLAIMS TODAY THAT THE SOLUTION WAS OBVIOUS! OBVIOUS?? ... ONLY OBVIOUS TO A MASTERMIND...

They're comin' to get you, and when they catch you they're gonna KILL you!

TALES OF EVIL SPECIAL EDITION

There is a place, somewhere in these Americas, called Hume-on-the-Lake — it is probably the most bizarre town on the face of this earth, for there is a story connected with every living, or dead being, in this corrupt village-out-of-hell. Ten tales, all inter-related, all linked together in a macabre way by more than one common denominator. It's a special issue coming up, complete with a centerfold map to let you see exactly what's happening and where. Innovation plus, from the HORROR-MOOD, where we're holding the line at 75¢ and still offer you more original stories and art than anyone else at ANY price.

the Art of killing Human Monsters, photo-illustrated

There are so many lessons teaching self-defence in books, magazines, on television, and through many live courses available, it's becoming practically essential these days that a person take SOME kind of course-or-other to protect himself from all the OTHER nuts taking these violence-courses. One of our competitor's magazines is giving you a Karate-type course, printing photographs showing how you can kick people in the stomach, face and other places, with a minimum of effort. We don't believe magazines of that sort should be on display for young children, which they are, and we certainly would never publish anything of that sort whether its a big fad or not. What we will publish however, is this light-hearted little spoof-feature on the gentle art of protecting yourself against obvious undesirables vampires, werewolves, ghouls and other monsters. Which, you must admit, is a good reason for calling this feature: THE ART OF KILLING HUMAN MONSTERS, illustrated.

ABOVE, you will observe one of the most popular methods of killing MAD DOCTORS, CANNIBALS and FIENDS-IN-GENERAL — REMOVE THE MONSTER'S HEAD! There are a variety of things you can do with the head after it is removed, such as shrinking it, but that's not pertinent to this feature. TO THE LEFT, you will observe the best and fastest way of killing a WITCH. BURN THE MONSTER ALIVE! This has been very successful for several centuries.

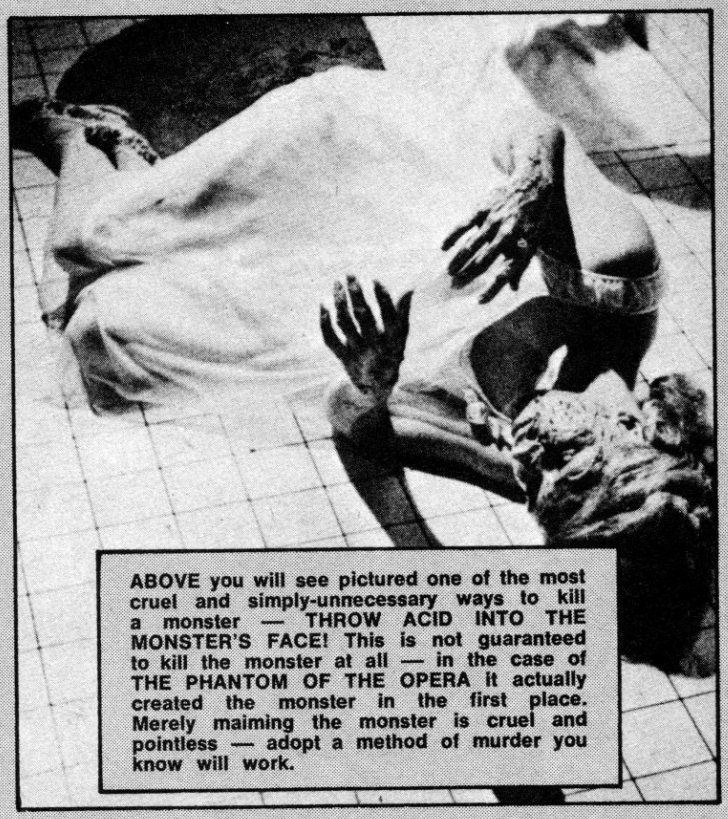
ABOVE, you will note one of many ways of killing a WEREWOLF — BEAT THE MONSTER TO DEATH WITH A SILVER STICK! The drawback to this method is that the werewolf is liable to beat YOU to death with his bare fist first.

A rare and very difficult way to kill a LUNATIC APE is pictured above — HYPNOTIZE THE MONSTER, THEN ORDER HIM TO KILL HIMSELF! There are several obvious drawbacks to this method, not the least of which is that lunatic apes usually aren't very succeptible to hypnosis. You could try it anyway; Drop us a note and let us know how it works out!

The best way to rid yourself and your loved ones from annoying LIVING MUMMIES is pictured above — SET THE MONSTER ON FIRE! This method has proved emminently successful for several thousand years. The question of battling living mummies would never have ARISEN if someone hadn't PREMATURELY BURIED them in the first place, which is ANOTHER way to kill a monster!

You will note BELOW one of the SLOWEST ways of killing a monster — FREEZE THE MONSTER TO DEATH! This is not the best way — eventually he de-thaws and you have to start all over again.

ABOVE you will observe one of the surest, foolproof ways of killing a human monster — SNEAK UP BEHIND THE MONSTER AND DRIVE A SWORD INTO ITS BACK! This is guaranteed to work, depending on the particular monster — for example, it won't work on evil gargoyles, who are made out of stone. You will just break your sword.



ABOVE you will see pictured one of the most cruel and simply-unnecessary ways to kill a monster — THROW ACID INTO THE MONSTER'S FACE! This is not guaranteed to kill the monster at all — in the case of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA it actually created the monster in the first place. Merely maiming the monster is cruel and pointless — adopt a method of murder you know will work.

We sincerely hope you will never have to use any of these methods, because we hope you will never have the problem of having to kill a human monster. From time to time, however, it happens that a monster needs killing, and so we hope you'll save this feature for reference purposes.

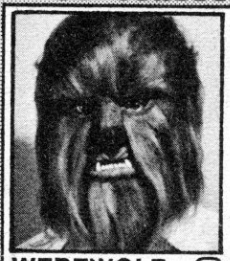
A WORD OF WARNING: Do NOT practice or rehearse any of these artful methods on parents, friends or teachers. There are much BETTER ways of dealing with THOSE fiends, which we will cover in ANOTHER feature sometime.

— presented as a public service feature —

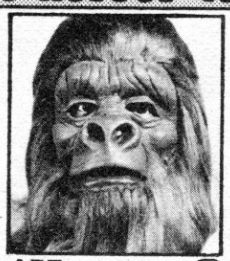
the Little Horror-Mood Shop of Horrors

HORROR MASKS

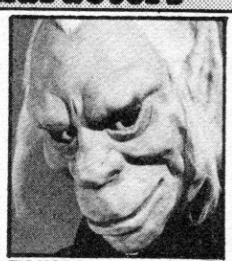
of classic horror characters



WEREWOLF ○

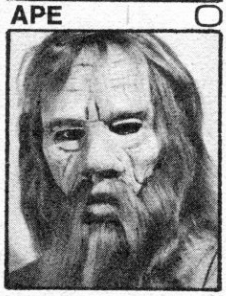


APE ○



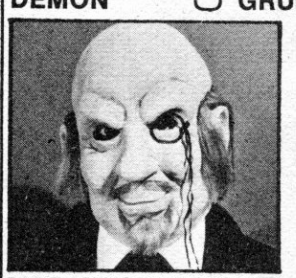
THING ○

DEMON ○



GRUNT ○

GHOUL ○



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...CORETTA, SPAIN -- 1814... A SMALL AND PLEASANT VILLAGE -- NOT UNLIKE MOST OTHERS...
TABERNA VINOS
...TILL NIGHT FALLS...
...THEN THE FIEND COMES OUT OF HIS CRYPT -- THE MONSTER -- THE VAMPIRE...
TAHO
...SEARCHING FOR A VICTIM TO SATIATE HIS UNHOLY LUSTS...
...WHO THE MONSTER IS THE TOWNFOLK DO NOT KNOW -- FOR ANYONE COMING FACE TO FACE WITH HIM UNDER THE MOONLIGHT DOES NOT LIVE TO TELL WHO THE FIEND IS...
...SO HE GOES UNDETECTED -- NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AFTER GHASTLY NIGHT...

WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
GENTLEMEN-- AS YOUR MAYOR I ASSURE YOU THAT--
--MAYOR-- THE ONLY THING YOU CAN ASSURE US OF IS THAT YOU'RE FRIGHTENED YOU WON'T WIN THE NEXT ELECTION IF THESE VAMPIRE MURDERS AREN'T SOLVED!--AND YOU'RE RIGHT-- YOU WON'T BE RE-ELECTED IF YOU DON'T GET THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY OFF THEIR RUMPS TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE CREEP IN OUR MIDST IS!
RAFAEL I ASSURE YOU THE POLICE DO WHAT THEY CAN-- BUT IT IS A SMALL TOWN AND ONLY 2 MEN CONSTITUTE OUR POLICE FORCE... ...THAT IS WHY I CALLED THIS MEETING TONIGHT-- BECAUSE WE MUST FORM A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE AND SOLVE THESE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS OURSELVES!
--AND JUST HOW DO WE DO THAT MAYOR?
WE KNOW JUST ABOUT EVERY CITIZEN OF THIS TOWN --NOW WHO COULD IT BE - IF HE IS A VAMPIRE HE FEARS THE DAYLIGHT-- IS THERE A SINGLE ONE OF US WHO IS NEVER SEEN IN DAYLIGHT?
WELL-- FIRST-- BY FIGURING OUT WHO IT IS--I MEAN--EITHER IT IS ONE OF US OR IT ISN'T --SO LET US TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE MOST LOGICAL SUSPECT IS!
WELL OLD JOSE FERNANDO IS NEVER SEEN IN DAYLIGHT-- HE'S THE ONLY ONE--
...OH!...
DIDN'T YOU HEAR? OLD JOSE DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO... HE WAS IN BED FOR 2 YEARS -- THAT'S WHY WE NEVER SAW HIM!
GENTLEMEN--THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT THE MORE I COME TO REALIZE IT IS NOT ONE OF US!
TO MY WAY OF THINKING IT CAN BE ONLY ONE MAN--
WELL WHO IS IT THEN?
--OH, THE STRANGER EH?
YES RICARDO--THE STRANGER-- IT CAN ONLY BE THE STRANGER IN TOWN...
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL PUEYO
THE Stranger IS THE Vampire

BANDO
WELL COME ON THEN -- LET'S GO GET THE CREEP!
NO -- WE'RE NOT A MOB!
WE'RE A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE-- --THAT GIVES US THE RIGHT TO DO WHATEVER WE WANT!
--NO RAFAEL --WE MUST USE INTELLIGENCE-- NOT MOB RULE!
I'M FOR DRAGGING THE FIEND OUT OF HIS BED AND CONFRONTING HIM--
CONFRONTING HIM WITH WHAT? WITH FACTS? WE HAVE NO FACTS! --JUST SUSPICIONS -- JUST THEORY!
TABERNA
VINOS
NOW WAIT-- I ACCUSED THIS MAN AND I DON'T WANT MATTERS TO GET OUT OF HAND-- --THIS MOB IS NOT UNLIKE ANY OTHER MOB-- ONCE WE GET GOING WE COULD KILL AN INNOCENT MAN!
WELL--WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?
THER'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO-- --WE PROVE HE'S GUILTY-- LOOK-- THERE IS A MURDER ALMOST EVERY NIGHT-- LET ONE OF US WATCH HIM AT ALL TIMES... IF A MURDER TAKES PLACE WHILE HE IS UNDER THE WATCH OF ONE OF US IT CAN HARDLY BE HIM, CAN IT? IT IS OBVIOUS-- WE'LL WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE--

...CORRETTA, SPAIN -- 1814 -- A SMALL AND PLEASANT VILLAGE -- BUT IN ONE RESPECT IT IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER...
...HE NEVER COMES OUT OF HIS ROOM...
...ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO RESIDENTS KNOW FEAR -- ONLY IN THIS TOWN DO THEY WATCH THE EVERY MOVE OF A CERTAIN NOBLED VISITOR WHO IS IN CORRETTA FOR NO KNOWN REASON...
--HIS EVERY MOVE HAS TWO MEANINGS--
--SURELY HE WOULD KNOW..
--NOW, OF COURSE, THE QUESTION ARISES IF THE STRANGER REALLY IS A VAMPIRE -- HE IS A MAN OF GREAT POWER AND INTELLIGENCE, AND SURELY HE WOULD KNOW IF HE WAS BEING WATCHED..

OH LORD! IT'S ANNA MARTINEZ -- THE BARMAID -- SHE WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL...
...ANOTHER ONE...
--SHE MUST HAVE BEEN RETURNING TO HER LODGINGS AFTER THE TAVERN CLOSED WHEN THE FIEND SAW HER--
SO-- WHO WAS WATCHING THE STRANGER AT THIS HOUR?
...IT WAS JESUS -- THE YOUNG MAN JESUS COLLADO...
SO FETCH HIM-- WHEREVER HE IS --LET US FIND OUT WHAT THE STRANGER WAS DOING...
THIS LEAVES US NO ALTERNATIVE--
HE'S DEAD -- I FOUND HIM CRUMPLED BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THIS BUILDING AND THE ADJOINING HOTEL -- IN A SMALL ALLEY-- --HIS THROAT HAS BEEN ATTACKED --HIS BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS BODY-- --HE FELL VICTIM HIMSELF TO THE VAMPIRE--
IT IS NEARLY DAWN -- WE'LL ROUST THE STRANGER OUT OF HIS BED -- IF HE IS IN BED--AND DRAG HIM OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT -- WE HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM IN SUNLIGHT HAVE WE? NO--I AM CERTAIN NOW WE WILL HAVE OUR PROOF-- LET'S GET THE VAMPIRE!
POSTAS

WHICH ROOM IS THE STRANGER IN?
THERE HAVE BEEN 2 VAMPIRE MURDERS TONIGHT --WE ARE CONVINCED HE IS THE VAMPIRE--
--BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN BE HIM! HE CAME IN MANY HOURS AGO AND WENT TO SLEEP-- HE HAS NOT BEEN OUT-- --HOW CAN IT BE HIM?
--HE IS ON THE 2ND FLOOR IN ROOM 12 BUT--
GENTLEMEN--WE ARE NOT A MOB-- WE MUST THINK CLEARLY-- IF HE HAS NOT BEEN OUT OF HIS ROOM HE CAN HARDLY BE THE MONSTER WE SEEK--
--AND YET ALL THE OTHER EVIDENCE BUILDS UP AGAINST HIM--
...THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT MAYOR -- VAMPIRES CANNOT ENDURE SUNLIGHT --WE'LL DRAG HIM OUTSIDE INTO THE DAWN AND FIND OUT WHETHER HE IS VAMPIRE OR MAN...
WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

HAVE YOU PEOPLE GONE MAD?
WE WILL SEE WHO IS THE MADMAN HERE--
WE ACCUSE YOU OF BEING A VAMPIRE, SEÑOR-- -- AND WE ARE ABOUT TO TEST YOU! DRAG HIM OUT-- DO NOT LET THE MAN ESCAPE-- DRAG HIM INTO THE SUNLIGHT--
THE SUNLIGHT? --A VAMPIRE? YOU ARE INDEED MAD!
LET ME FREE-- I WILL WALK OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT WITH YOU!
DO NOT LISTEN-- IT'S A TRICK TO SET HIMSELF FREE -- HE'LL RUN LIKE A WOLF HOUND IF YOU LET GO YOUR HOLD!
LET ME FREE I TELL YOU--I AM NOT THE MAN YOU SEEK-- --I AM NO VAMPIRE!!

GOOD LORD--
WHO IS HE?
...I DON'T KNOW-- HE LOOKED DECAYED-- --HE LOOKED DEAD!
WHERE DID HE GO?
--INTO THE ALLEY-- HE'S TRYING TO AVOID THE SUN--
CALLE PASO
CARNICERIA
ESTA

I GOT HIM-- I GOT HIM-- HELP ME-- HE'S TOO STRONG!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THE STRANGER?
IT'S THE OLD MAN WHO DIED A FEW MONTHS AGO -- OLD JOSE FERNANDO-- -- IT WAS HIM ALL ALONG-- AND THE STRANGER WAS INNOCENT--
LORD ABOVE -- YOU SEE WHO IT IS?
--I'M GLAD HE'S NOT HERE-- I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO LOOK HIM IN THE FACE! WE ALMOST KILLED AN INNOCENT MAN!

--THE LIGHT -- STREAMING IN THE WINDOW!--
LORD SATAN! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL-- --IF THEY HAD DRAGGED ME INTO THE SUNLIGHT I WOULD HAVE LIVED ONLY MINUTES UNDER ITS RAYS!-- MY IDENTITY IS SAFE--
THANK GOODNESS HE WAS A LOW-CLASS VAMPIRE -- THE VARIETY-TYPE WALKING DEAD MAN-- HE MUST HAVE HAD A COFFIN SOMEWHERE-- ...WHAT A MISERABLE LIFE HE MUST HAVE LED-- AT LEAST I DO NOT HAVE TO SEARCH OUT A COFFIN EVERY DAWN-- --I CAN SLEEP IN COMFORT LIKE ANY MAN OF NOBLE BLOOD...
I KNEW NOT WHY THEY HAD SET MEN TO WATCH ME -- WHEN I QUESTIONED THAT POOR FOOL IN THE ALLEY HE WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THEY SEARCHED OUT A VAMPIRE MURDERER-- --BUT THOUGH I AM A VAMPIRE, I COMMITTED NO ACTS IN THIS TOWN -- EXCEPT THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAS FOLLOWING ME-- --I KNEW IT WAS NOT I THEY SOUGHT -- YET IF THEY DRAGGED ME INTO THE SUNLIGHT I WOULD'VE HAD PRECIOUS LITTLE CHANCE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE...

...WE BEGIN CHAPTER TWO...
...I AM A SLAVE TO A FIEND... I AM A LACKEY TO AN UNDEAD MONSTER...
...WHO ARE YOU? WHEN DO YOU LIVE? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?...
...I AM... A SLAVE TO A MONSTER...
...IT'S NO GOOD...HE KEEPS REPEATING HIMSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN...THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS MIND STOPPING HIM FROM TELLING HIS STORY...
...WILL MY SON BE ALRIGHT DOCTOR?... HE BABBLES OUT TALES OF PREVIOUS LIVES THAT ARE WRETCHED AND HORRIBLE...
...HE IS A REINCARNATE MR. THURBER... HE WILL SPEAK OF HIS PREVIOUS LIVES... AND RE-LIVE THEM IN HIS MIND...
...THERE LIES THE ONLY DANGER TO YOUR SON... IF PERHAPS HE CAN'T CLIMB-BACK INTO HIS PRESENT EXISTENCE...THEN... HIS MIND WILL BE LOST...
...I AM... A SLAVE TO A MONSTER... THE GREATEST OF ALL FIENDS... THE MOST EVIL MAN WHO EVER LIVED... FOR HE IS AN UNDEAD...
...NAME?...HIS NAME--IS--IS RASPUTIN... THE MAD MONK... AND I... AM HIS SLAVE...HIS SON... I AM THE SON OF RASPUTIN...
...AND HIS NAME?... WHAT IS HIS NAME?
...SO BEGINS THE 2ND TALE... IN THE HORROR SERIES:
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DURAN
...TALES OUT OF HELL...
...IN HIS MASTER'S BLOOD...

...OH GOD SON... WHAT HORRORS ARE IN YOUR MIND?
... WHAT HORRORS DID HE LIVE?
...I DON'T KNOW WHO... MY MOTHER WAS... NO-ONE SEEMED TO KNOW... MY FATHER --IF HE REMEMBERED WOULDN'T TELL...
HE WAS.. MANY THINGS --TO MANY MEN... TO ME HE WAS NOT A FATHER - BUT A MASTER... I WAS HIS SLAVE... AND KNEW WHAT HE WAS HE WAS--A MONSTER
...THEY SAID... THE HYPNOTIC POWER OF HIS EYES WAS ENOUGH TO SEDUCE ANY WOMAN IN RUSSIA -- OR STRIP THE SANITY OF ANY MAN... THEY WHO THOUGHT SUCH THOUGHTS KNEW NOT HOW HE ACQUIRED THIS POWER...
...BUT I DID... I DID... HE HAD THE SAME POWER (NO MORE AND NO LESS) THAN ALL THE OTHERS... ALL THE OTHER VAMPIRES... HE WAS A VAMPIRE -- AND ALL VAMPIRES HAVE THAT AWESOME POWER -- THOSE AWFUL HYPNOTIC EYES...
... BUT... HE WAS A FATHER TO ME -- WHEN IT SUITED HIM... WHEN IT FLATTERED HIM TO THINK HE WAS HUMAN ENOUGH TO BE A FATHER -- FOR HE WAS WRETCHED -- AND WISHED HE WAS MORE HUMAN THAN HE WAS..."
...MY SON MYSHKIN... WILL YOU COME WITH ME INTO THE WOODS FOR A WALK WITH YOUR FATHER?

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS WALK, FATHER?
...REASON? MUST THERE BE A REASON FOR A FATHER TO WALK WITH HIS SON?..
...A BAT...
...WHAT IS THAT?... IN THE TREE?
...UGH... IT'S AN UGLY THING...
UGLY? ...I HAVE CERTAIN POWERS YOU KNOW... I CAN CHANGE INTO SUCH A CREATURE.... WOULD YOU CALL ME UGLY?
YOU FATHER... OH NO!
...I THINK... YOU WOULD!
...WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW BOY?
PLEASE FATHER...DON'T TORMENT ME LIKE THIS!
TORMENT? WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF TORMENT... I HAVE SHIELDED YOU FROM THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE WHO WOULD LOVE TO DEVOUR SO INNOCENT A WHELP AS YOU...

"...I DID NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT--AND CARED LESS AT THAT MOMENT... FOR HE BECAME SO ANGRY HE BEAT ME WITH HIS MONSTROUS WINGS AND WOULD NOT CEASE TILL I'D LOST CONSCIOUSNESS UNDER HIS VIOLENT BLOWS...
THUS I GREW UP TO HATE HIM...I NOT ONLY WITNESSED HIS EVIL ACTS, I WAS MADE TO AID HIM...
...HE WOULD NEVER ADMIT I WAS HIS SON IN PUBLIC--BUT TOLD THEM I WAS A LACKEY--HISTORY, NO DOUBT, WILL HAVE NO RECORD OF RASPUTIN'S SON--MYSHKIN RASPUTIN... IT WILL BE AS THO I WAS NOT BORN BUT CAME OUT OF THE DUST OF THE EARTH!...
...I GREW UP HATING MY FATHER--DESPISING MY FATHER... WHEN I WAS 22 I WAS AS SUBORDINATE TO HIM AS I WAS AT HALF MY AGE... AND I RESOLVED TO KILL HIM...
...I STOOD OUTSIDE HIS BEDROOM DOOR ONE NIGHT, ARMED WITH THE MIGHTIEST AXE I COULD FIND--MEANING TO BREAK IN AND SLICE OFF HIS HEAD..."
...I MEANT TO KILL THAT MONSTER...I MEANT TO KILL THAT BLOOD FIEND THAT WAS MY FATHER...
NURSE... HELP MR. THURBER...
OH GOD... UGHH...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT MR. THURBER? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
YES--YES NURSE--I CAN'T HELP THINKING OF ME BEING THE BOY'S FATHER... ...I CAN'T... ISOLATE THIS LIFE FROM HIS OTHER LIFE...
MAY I GIVE YOU THIS SEDATIVE MR. THURBER? IT WILL CALM YOUR NERVES...
NO...NO THANK YOU...I FELT A BIT ILL... I FIND THIS ALL HARD TO ACCEPT...WHAT MY SON SPEAKS OF NOW IS SO WRETCHED!...
YES... IT IS WRETCHED... BUT...DO NOT DESPAIR, FOR YOUR SON IN THE PRESENT... THESE TALES HE TELLS TOOK PLACE IN THE PAST... ...IN HIS OWN MISERABLE PAST...BUT...THEY ARE ALL DONE WITH NOW MR. THURBER...IN 1974 YOUR SON IS WALTER THURBER... NOT MYSHKIN RASPUTIN, HE IS ONLY THE SON OF THE MAD MONK IN HIS MIND...
I'LL KILL YOU --MONSTER...
DON'T TOUCH HIM MR. THURBER...
I WANT TO KILL YOU FATHER... MONSTER...

YOU ARE ASLEEP MONSTER? WAKE-UP... I WANT TO SEE THE FEAR IN YOUR EYES AS I KILL YOU...
"...I RAN AT HIM WAVING THE AXE... MEANING TO BURY IT IN HIS BRAIN...
...BUT HE DODGED AWAY FROM THE BED JUST BEFORE THE AXE STRUCK--AND THE BLADE SUNK INTO THE MATTRESS, NOT HIS HEAD WHERE IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGED...
...IDIOT MYSHKIN... ...WHAT A BRAINLESS YOUNG FOOL YOU ARE...YOU HAVEN'T THE BRAINS TO KNOW HOW TO KILL A MAN...
...AND HE LAUGHED AT ME AND MOCKED ME AS I WHIMPERED ON THE FLOOR LIKE A 10 YEAR OLD...GOD HOW I LOATHED HIM... HOW I DESPISED HIM..."

"...IN RUSSIA DURING THIS TIME, WHICH WAS IN 1916, REVOLUTION AND ANARCHY WERE IN THE AIR, AND CONSPIRACIES WERE BEING MADE ON EVERY STREET CORNER IN MOSCOW... I FELL IN WITH AN ARISTOCRAT WHO DESIRED TO SEE MY FATHER DEAD--AND I AIDED HIM...THIS PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV ...TO PLAN MY FATHER'S END...
...I BROUGHT MY FATHER TO PRINCE YUSUPOV'S APARTMENTS ONE NIGHT, WHERE RASPUTIN WAS GIVEN CAKE AND WINE EACH MADE LETHAL BY POISONOUS CYANIDE... BUT HE SEEMED TO COME ALIVE AT THE TASTE AND BECOME MORE DRUNK THAN DRUGGED...
"...EVEN WHEN YUSUPOV SHOT HIM IN HIS NECK WITH A PISTOL HE DID NOT DIE, AND IT TOOK SEVERAL VOLLEYS FROM REVOLVERS TO MAKE HIM EVEN FAINT...
...THERE SEEMED NO WAY TO KILL HIM, SO WE BOUND HIS WRISTS AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE RIVER NEVA, WHERE A HOLE WAS CUT IN THE WINTER'S ICE... BUT BEFORE WE COULD DISPOSE OF THE BODY HE REVIVED AND BROKE ONE HAND FREE FROM HIS BONDS..."
...THE MAN WILL NOT DIE... WE'LL HAVE TO POST GUARDS HERE SEVERAL DAYS LEAST HE SURVIVES DROWNING AND COMES UP HERE...
...VAMPIRES CANNOT DIE BY BULLETS...OR BY DROWNING... I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO KILL HIM...
...PERHAPS SATAN WILL RECLAIM HIM FROM THE WATERS AND TAKE HIM INTO HELL WHERE HE BELONGS...

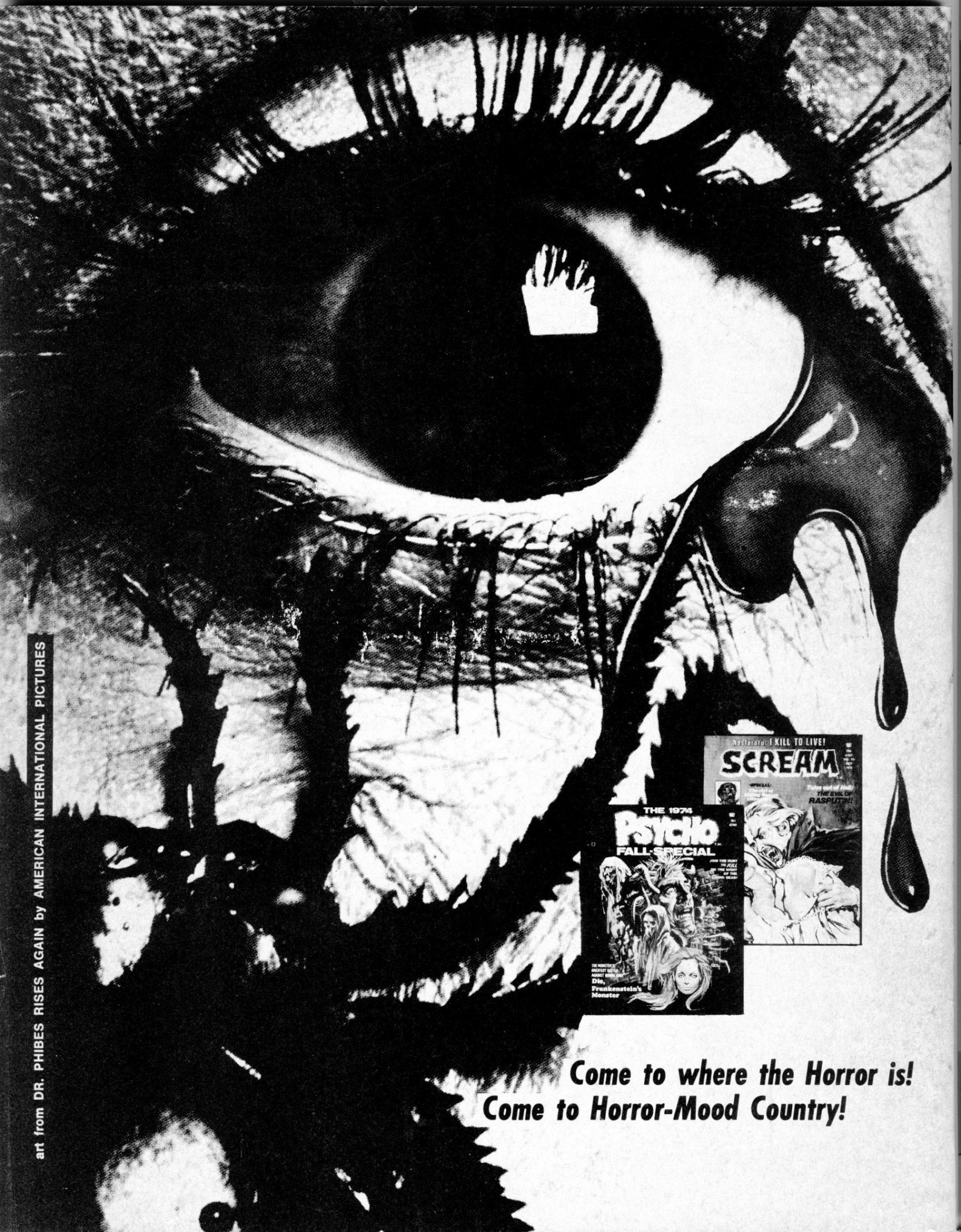
"...I DID NOT FEEL RELIEVED AT ALL, BECAUSE I DID NOT BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD... AS I RETURNED ALONE TO THE HOUSE OF MY FATHER I WAS ATTACKED BY ONE OF HIS MONSTROUS FRIENDS...
...MY NECK WAS RIPPED TO RIBBONS AND MY BLOOD SUCKED FROM MY VEINS... WHEN THE MONSTER LEFT ME I WAS AWARE OF BEING UNDEAD... AND AWARE OF WHAT MY FATHER HAD MEANT WHEN HE TOLD ME HE WAS PROTECTING ME FROM CERTAIN EVILS...
...I NOW HAD THE BLOODLUST OF MY FATHER... AND NOW I WAS AS IRRATIONALLY EVIL AS HE... I ATTACKED MY FIRST VICTIM AND KILLED HER-- A YOUNG GIRL FOR WHOM I PREVIOUSLY HAD HIGH MORAL REGARD...
Jesse Duray
...AND IN THE WAKE OF MY MURDEROUS ACTION I WAS FILLED WITH GRIEF AND REMORSE AND GUILT... AND WITH NAUSEA AT WHAT I'D BECOME...
...I WAS FILLED WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT..."
...HE'S GOT TO BE DEAD... I'VE GOT TO KNOW THAT MY FATHER IS DEAD... I'VE GOT TO SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES..."

"... I WENT BACK TO THE RIVER AND ENTERED THE GHASTLY FRIGID WATERS... THO THEY COULD NOT NOW KILL ME, THE TEMPERATURE CHOKED MY LUNGS AND RIPPED THE FLESH FROM MY FACE...
... I FOUND HIS BODY, DECAYED AND DETERIORATED, FLOATING AT THE TOP OF THE WATERS UNDER THE ICE COVERING... HE HAD DROWNED... HE HAD SEARCHED FOR AN OPENING IN THE ICE... AN EXIT... AND COULD NOT FIND ONE... HIS APPARITION WAS AN ABSOLUTE HORROR TO BEHOLD...

...WHEN I MADE TO LEAVE THE WATERS I COULD NOT FIND THE PLACE OF MY ENTRY... AND THOUGHT I WAS AS DOOMED AS RASPUTIN TO ETERNITY IN THIS FROZEN HELL...
...AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING I SAW A SMALL SHAFT OF LIGHT... I HAD FOUND AN OPENING...

...THE WRONG ONE... FOR WAITING FOR ME WERE THE GUARDS WE HAD SET TO AWAIT RASPUTIN... AND SO ALTERED WAS MY APPEARANCE FROM MY LONG STAY UNDER-WATER THAT THEY PRESUMED I WAS RASPUTIN..."
I COULDN'T SPEAK ...COULDN'T UTTER A SOUND--MY LUNGS WERE RIPPED TO SHREDS BY THE HARD FROZEN WATERS... AND THEY WERE ARMED WITH SWORDS WHICH THEY THRUST INTO ME!
OH MY SON... WHAT AGONIES YOU ARE IN...

...THEY HACKED ME AND CHOPPED WITH THOSE SWORDS TILL THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF ME BUT BITS OF FLYING BONE AND SHREDDED FLESH...
...THEY THOUGHT I WAS MY FATHER ...THEY THOUGHT I WAS RASPUTIN... I COULD NOT ESCAPE MY FATHER IN LIFE OR IN DEATH... I WAS BORN IN HIS LUST AND WAS MURDERED IN HIS BLOOD... ...MURDERED IN MY MASTER'S BLOOD...
...HE'S EXHAUSTED NOW...HE'LL SLEEP NOW...
SHOULDN'T HE BE IN A HOSPITAL...?
...YES...NURSE--MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO HAVE THE BOY PICKED UP BY AN AMBULANCE AND TAKEN TO GENERAL HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY... AND MAKE SURE THAT HE'S GIVEN A PRIVATE ROOM...
...SADE... SADE...
...WHAT IT THIS NOW... ANOTHER STORY... ANOTHER WRETCHED LIFE?
...I HOPE NOT...HE IS OVERTAXING HIS STRENGTH AS WALTER THURBER... HE'S IN NEED OF REST... SLEEP...
NEXT: JE SUIS LE MARQUIS DE SADE
I AM... THE MARQUIS DE SADE


art from DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN by AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES
Nosferatu: I KILL TO LIVE!
SCREAM
THE EVIL OF RASPUTIN!
THE 1974
Psycho
FALL-SPECIAL
Frankenstein's Monster
Come to where the Horror is!
Come to Horror-Mood Country!